

Boys Beastie

"Shadrach"

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Riddle me this brother can you handle it
Your style to my style you can't hold a candle to it
Equinox symmetry and the balance is right
Smokin' and drinkin' on a Tuesday night
It's not how you play the game it's how you win it
I cheat and steal and sin and I'm a cynic
For those about to rock we salute you
The dirty thoughts for dirty minds we contribute to
I once was lost but now I'm found
The music washes over and you're one with the sound
Who shall inherit the earth the meek shall
I think I'm starting to peak now Al
From S.S. Decontrol and the man upstairs I hope that he
cares
If I had a penny for my thoughts I'd be a millionaire
We're just 3 M.C.'s and we're on the go
SHADRACH MESACH ABEDNAGO
Only 24 hours in a day
Only 12 notes a man can play
Music for all and not just one people
And now we're gonna bust with the Putney Swope
sequel

More Adidas sneakers that a plumber got pliers

Got more suites that Jacoby & Meyers

If not for my vices my bugged out desires

My year would be good just like Goodyear's tires

So I'm out pickin' pockets at the Atlantic Antic

And nobody wants to hear you cause your rhymes are
so frantic

I mix business with pleasure way too much

I mean wine and women and song and such

I don't get blue I gotta mean red streak

You don't pay the band your friends and that's weak

Get even like Steven like pulling a Rambo

SHADRACH MESACH ABEDNAGO

Steal from the rich and I'm out robbing banks

Give to the poor and I always give thanks

Got more stories that J.D. Salinger

I hold the title and you are the challenger

I've got money like Charles Dickens

Got the girlies in the Couple like the Colonel's got the
chickens

Always go out dapper like Harry S. Truman

I'm madder than Mad's Alfred E. Newman

Never gonna let them say that I don't love you

My noggin is hoggin all kinds of thoughts

Adam Yoggin is Yauch and he's rockin of course

Smoke the holy chalice got my own religion

Rally round the stage and check the funky dope
musicians

Jerry Lee Swaggert or Jerry Lee Falwell

You love Mario Andretti cause he always drives his car
well

Vicious circle of reality since the day you were born

And we love the hot butter on what the popcorn

Sippin on wine and mackin

Rockin on the stage with all the hands clappin

Ride the wave of fate it don't ride me

Being very proud to be an M.C.

And the man upstairs I hope that he cares

If I had a penny for my thoughts I'd be a millionaire

Amps and crossovers under my rear hood

The bass is bumpin from the back of my Fleetwood
Brougham D'Elegance

They tell us what to do hell no

SHADRACH MESACH ABEDNAGO

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